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The Director
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In delightful settings, he developed the tenuous connections between cosmic and comic for the mass market. Then one day he stumbled upon her, Dolly, nude, trying to pry the gold leaf off the abandoned set of a flamboyant decade. His work suffered, but all went well until one night when Tina, his wife of thirty years, woke to find him floating sumptuously in sleep, another name on his lips, his night clothes knotted. She intended to be epic with repercussions this time, so through mostly legal methods she hastened his entrapment. Then left. This raised possibilities in his mind. To think about them he would spend whole mornings watching gray fog cover the lotus flowers on the lake. He wondered if the rape of a clown would provide focus, but gave it up as too poetic, noting, however, how the literal can be touched with new dimensions, like the white walls of a boarding house in late summer. From there, the impulse was away from what he knew—tormented marriages, mistresses with criminal tendencies (the clay of comic drama)—to pure conjecture, "things that prove nothing," (Truffaut). So, caught up, he sought to capture, without capturing, the glance, say, of someone who seemed without illusions. As he walked along the lake, by now empty of flowers, empty of all save sky, he practiced his mock signature in air, all form, no substance, like a German industrialist he once knew with his own postwar horror. His ex told the press he was planning to film a doorman's life because he has none. But she had her own agenda, and it could be said that he was on the way to having none.